OUR SERIAL.

THE TWO SHADES.

Late in the night, when no man saw of heard,
Two Shades returned to earth from some far place,
And came together for a ghostly word,
Though hands met not, nor face looked into face.

"Alas," complained the first, "the years are few
Since here I dwelt and mingled among men;
Ties had I many, comrades who were true,
With whom I had full share of honors then.

"But now none speaks my name in praise or blame;
They go their happy ways who shared my lot;
I have no fragment left of goodly fame—
Dead but a day or two, but quite forgot."

"Full fifty years have passed since that I died,"
Thus said the other; "And my place is kept
By one who dreams that I am at her side,
Who weeps to-day as then she sorely wept.

"One speaks my name when that heart is sore;
Hunger is hers a little time each day;
And so she loves me; and forever more
Will love me as when first I went away."

"Strange," said the first, and sadly turned to go,
"I was a father fond, a husband mild—
And who were you, that are remembered so?"
"I," said the other, "was a little child."
—Louis Dodge, in Youth's Companion.

The Iron Brigade

A STORY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

By GEN. CHARLES KING

Author of "Norman Holt," "The Colonel's Daughter," "Fort Frayne," Etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHAT A LETTER REVEALED.

Once again had Lee's valiant army slowly retired to the Potomac and leisurely recrossed, superb even in defeat. Just as after Antietam, the cabinet, the committee on the conduct of the war (that remarkable annex to our military system) and countless critics all over the north, stormed at the Army of the Potomac because it seemed to follow at respectful distance, content to let the erring brethren go in peace.

Then came the final resolution of the great war president, that as he and Hallack and Stanton had long tried, without success, the business of "bossing" armies in the field, it was time to turn the whole thing over to a single stage manager. Then came Grant and the beginning of the end. At this time, Fred Benton, twice honorably mentioned and recommended for the brevet of major, found himself again summoned to Washington, this time a witness before a military commission for the trial of one Peter Jennings, civilian, for whose apprehension with a whole skin the First Virginia cavalry stood ready to pay a round sum and the "Stonewall" to supplement it with another, each claiming prior right to perforate or sear that skin at sight. The Virginians swore that he sold information to the federals, and had betrayed Ladue, of the Eleventh Alabama, into their hands, even while Stanton and others at the war department were ready to swear the tall Virginian's life away to the charge of giving information to the rebels.

Among the papers in poor Ladue's possession was the original draft of the report he had written the commanding officer of the Eleventh Alabama of his flight across the Potomac and capture by union cavalry near Mathias Point. Not until he reached a certain farmhouse near Port Tobacco did he know who were the officers escaped from prison camp near Annapolis, and his joy was great when Jack Chilton appeared among them. He and Chilton were ferried over on a dark, wintry night, and landed at a fisherman's house three miles below the Point, and there, to his infinite concern, Paul found that he had lost his pocket memorandum book, well nigh filled with notes concerning the troops, also sketch maps of field fortifications, all of which he felt confident would be of value to Gen. Lee. Then there were private papers in the book of vast importance to him if to no one else. A racking chill had come on as the result of exposure to the raw night wind, and Jack and the fisherman secreted him in a barn. Then Chilton deliberately went back to Maryland in search of the missing property. Thereby he escaped capture by the cavalry piloted by Jennings. When searched, Ladue was found to have no incriminating papers about him—a disappointment to his captors and obviously a puzzle to Jennings—for Ladue heard him whispering with the officer in command. The last Paul had seen of Chilton was that December night, but later he learned that he had been compelled to remain in hiding many weeks in Charles county before the vigilance of the Federals was again relaxed and he could [illegible] effect his escape. Then [illegible]er, unfinished, for Eli[illegible] had sealed and sent [illegible] he learned that Paul [illegible] not long to live, and [illegible]d to meet a soldier's [illegible] of the charging line. [illegible]e had, he owned, that [illegible]y never be gratified—that

of branding McKinnon as a liar and a thief, for young Larry O'Toole, he that used to sweep out and sprinkle the store and had enlisted as a drummer in the Montgomerys after Paul's banishment, had strayed in search of forbidden luxuries just before Chancellorsville, and Stuart's men had nabbed him and run him off to Richmond where Ladue was favored with O'Toole's account of McKinnon's bribing him to purloin those St. Louis letters. With this confirmation of his theories burning within him, Paul had gone to Charlottesville, spending one day with the Chiltons and hearing from the doctor a strange story of McKinnon's generosity to them and kindness to the imperiled son, Rosalie had listened in silent acquiescence until Paul burst in with vehement denunciation of the whole story—told them of McKinnon's treachery to him and his hatred of the Bentons,—told them of Fred's devoted friendship, and then came a strange part of the letter. Elinor copied it verbatim:—

"Miss Chilton grew more and more excited as I talked, and finally whirled on me with 'How can you speak of devoted friendship on the part of a man who planned to capture you both and was only balked by—by Jack's going back for your old note book!' Then she rushed out of the room, and I had to go right on to Gordonsville and could only write to her that, that too, was probably one of McKinnon's slanders, and there wasn't a word of truth in it—that no one was more amazed than Fred when they brought me in. I've not yet heard from her, but I shall, and Jack shall know the moment I can find him.

"Was it not strange that that same old notebook, which she risked so much to send to me that night Fred caught her at the stone house, should later have been the means of saving Jack? She found it in the breast pocket of my new uniform coat at Henry's, and glancing through the pages saw the sketches and memoranda I had even then been making, supposed it was of vast importance,—something that we ought to have and, fearing it would fall into the hands of the enemy, bethought her of Jennings and Judge Armistead; slipped into my uniform, and Fred has probably told you the rest."

So there it was at last:—the story of her daring and devotion and Benton, had he but opened his heart to Paul in the few days that they were together at the Chiltons, might have known it all! There then was McKinnon, furthermore, unmasked, and even more of a blackguard than they had deemed him. Now, at least, must Rosalie know how utterly she had wronged the man whose devotion to her she surely could not fail to realize, yet not a line from her had found its way to Elinor. There was some comfort in the belief that now she knew, but—how he longed to get at McKinnon for further comfort!

And now that queer customer, Jennings, was also under the ban, was he? And they needed Benton's evidence—Benton whose brevet hung fire for reasons he could not understand—Benton who didn't love the war office and who well knew he had found no favor in the grim, deep-set eyes behind those comprehensive spectacles. There was little he could really tell of Jennings, though he had never forgotten that story about the Indiana sergeant seeing Rosalie toss the packet to him in the rush and excitement at the stone house. If that story were true she must have thought him faithful at the time at least. That fateful notebook, filled with Paul's clever topographical sketches and his daily memoranda—what had not Rosalie dared in her effort to send it to safe hands! What sacrifice had not Chilton made in recrossing the Potomac that wintry night in hopes of recovering it! Where was it now? thought Benton, as once again he caught sight of the unfinished dome of the great white capitol. A very suitable bit of property the little volume might be to a southern chieftain again invading Maryland with an army at his back—and a very dangerous one for southern officer to be caught with—if alone!

CHAPTER XXVII.

LOUNSBERRY'S LAST STING.

Gettysburg had dimmed the grand old First corps into the proportions of a small division. Consolidation became the watchword, and, with Reynolds dead and his successors devoid of influence, it had none in power to preserve its autonomy. The Second, Fifth and Sixth corps retained their badges and their name. The Eleventh and Twelfth, sent to the west, were "telescoped" and called the Twentieth. The Third had lost its grip, with Sickles' leg, at Gettysburg—its way, with Franck's heal, at Mine Run, and finally its place and name—being distributed to fill the gaps in other organizations. As for what was left of the First, most of it, under gray-headed Wadsworth, went as the Fourth division to the Fifth corps, our old friends of the Iron Brigade ruefully shedding the blood-red disk and decking their caps with the Maltese cross.

But the story of several who set forth with them was still unfinished. Fred Benton, who had ridden with their battling line on many a bloody day, came not homeward with the few survivors. A strange fortune had been his after Wadsworth fell. There had been many a reason, as has been told, for believing that the tall Virginian, Jennings, had played a double game from first to last. Benton's evidence had little helped the prosecution, however, and when the young officer was again summoned to the war department and again questioned as to his relations with the Chiltons, he finally "fired up," and declared the line of inquiry a reflection on his loyalty and integrity. Stanton so hated the rebellion that he seemed to hold no officer above suspicion who did not hate everything connected with it, and Benton could not be made to hate the Chiltons—any of them—or to look with anything less than love on the memory of Paul Ladue.

So he came back from Washington in time for the Mine Run affair, boiling over with wrath at the way he had been badgered. Stanton as much as intimated that Benton knew Jennings to be false to his obligations, and was shielding him as he had striven to defend the Chiltons and Ladue. "No man can serve two masters young sir," said the stern secretary, "and you can't properly serve your country and shield those in rebellion against it. I've seen too much of this disposition on your part, and if I see any more of it—I'll break you!"

Words were these to be well remembered in the light of later events.

No wonder Benton was aflame with indignation, and narrowly did he escape court-martial for the hot wrath of his reply. He demanded a court of inquiry but to no purpose. There was little evidence but his own. He continued to serve with Wadsworth, who, from having been more than half inclined at one time to share Stanton's views, had now reasons of his own for

"THEY'LL HANG HIM!"

differing radically with that tremendous power, and took up the cudgels for Fred in his vehement fashion, and might have gotten into serious trouble of his own had it not been for the shot that ended it all that bitter day in the wilderness. Then Benton was transferred for a time to the headquarters of the cavalry corps, and rode with Sheridan to Yellow Tavern, where the plumes of Stuart went down at last, and the brilliant leader of the southern horse was borne away to die within the walls of the weeping city, and here it was, after Yellow Tavern, Fred Benton had one of the oddest, yet most opportune, meetings of the war.

It was a soft, moonlit night in May. Three confederate officers, unhorsed and captured, had been brought to Sheridan's camp fire near the Richmond road, and in one of these Benton instantly recognized young Winston, wearing now the braid of major of cavalry. The recognition was mutual, and Benton's well-filled flask was brought into requisition at the instant. Benton saw the Virginian was in deep chagrin. A question as to Lounsberry's whereabouts was all that was needed, and Winston launched at once into a tirade. There never was such infernal luck, he said. For months three men had been hounding that fellow to get an accounting from him on a matter that—that—well, Pelham's sister had been engaged—at least believed herself engaged—to Lounsberry ever since early in the war, yet in January came the announcement of his approaching marriage to a widow of wealth and social position in Charleston. He had tricked Maud most damnably, said Winston, and Lloyd Pelham, the very young fellow who was so nearly killed trying to save Lounsberry out there near Gainesville, a captain now and only 20, had been trying to get a fight out of him, and so had Jack Chilton, but Floyd had the best claim, and now Lounsberry had actually been nailed. He had come to Stuart with dispatches and Pelham had slashed him in the face with his gauntlet. A meeting had been arranged for to-morrow morning. He, Winston, was Pelham's second, and would almost give his parole, were such a thing possible to an officer of Stuart's cavalry, to get back to the confederate lines and bring that fellow to book.

"You owe him a grudge as well as Maud Pelham's kinsmen," said he. "Sooner or later he's got to fight or funk. I can't be there to second Pelham, and now there's no telling when any of us can get at him."

"Why not Chilton?" asked Fred.

"Chilton!" and Winston flushed with embarrassment. "Chilton has just been sent away on—other duty."

"With his wounded leader and kinsman—to Richmond?" hazarded Fred.

"No—o," was the halting reply. In fact Winston could not say whither he had gone.

It seemed long indeed before any of those who owed Lounsberry a grudge were enabled to "get at him." But there came a time, and not to those that wore the gray, but to Benton, still serving with Sheridan.

Grant had crossed the James and invested Petersburg, when to shake him loose, if possible, by the old device of scaring Washington, Early was sent down the Shenandoah valley, with 12,000 men and orders to stir up Maryland. Stir accordingly he did, until the arrival of the Sixth corps from the James and the approach of the Nineteenth. Then Early harked back, leaving just a few of his men cut off by a sudden rush of union cavalry, one of these a young captain of his own staff, an almost invaluable officer. So, this warm August evening, as Benton came riding down from a scout among the beautiful heights that border the valley on the east, he stopped his horse at the public trough and caught a glimpse of three forms that had stopped short at sight of the blue-jackets and, after a moment's hesitation, had turned back the way they came. One, an elderly clergyman, gave his arm to a gentlewoman, evidently bowed with care and sorrow. The third form was that of a girl, slender, graceful, and in her walk there was something vaguely familiar to Benton's eyes, even before he noted that she wore a drab felt hat, broad-brimmed and feathered. Benton followed to the corner, and saw the girl enter the gateway of an unpretentious little home, while the other two walked slowly on. Quickly he crossed the street, followed along a hedge of rose bushes, turned sharply through the gate, and face to face at the trellised porch met the girl whom he had first seen sauntering along that leafy side street at Charlottesville in the spring of '62. Bearded, bronzed and stalwart as he was to-day, she saw nothing to remind her of the pallid prisoner of the Chiltons, and only indignation at his intrusion blazed in her cheeks and eyes, but, in spite of gallant effort, she struck her colors at his very first word, when, with uplifted forage-cap he bowed and calmly addressed her:

"Miss Pelham, I believe, whom I had the pleasure of seeing at Charlottesville. I hope your brother is not wounded—and here."

Then he repented him of his cruelty when he saw her sway and stretch forth her hand for the support of the railing at the steps. "Pardon me," he continued, his blue eyes fixed on her almost ashen face, "but nothing less could have brought you here, and, pardon me again, but I must enter," and he moved as though to pass her by. Instantly, almost in terror, she grasped his arm.

"No! Oh, no!" she cried. "I give you my word! My brother is not here!"

"Then I am more than glad," said Benton, for it all seemed to flash over him in the instant, and, despite her clinging hands and almost frantic appeal, he sprang up the steps and into the open doorway. There on the bed, gaunt, fever-stricken, and gazing up at the startled, colored mammy, acting as nurse, and then into the face of the blue-uniformed intruder, lay the wreck of the one personal enemy Fred Benton was aware of in all Virginia—all that was left of Scott Lounsberry.

Maud Pelham sprang past the union officer and stood almost defiantly facing him.

"You shall not take him—touch him!" she cried, in tones intense and low. "He is terribly wounded. He has done you no wrong!"

"He tried hard to harm me and he made you the instrument," he said. "Did you not know that note was meant to lure me into a trap? Did you not know that his men were waiting there to seize or possibly kill me?"

From the bed there came a feeble cackle of laughter, and the girl's wild, dilated eyes that at Benton's words were staring at him, turned in sudden alarm to the fevered man, whose voice quavered in a sneer of mingled hate and triumph.

"You got away, thanks to her, and her meddling, but he won't—by God—he won't! They've got Jack Chilton hard and fast this time—a spy with a hatful of information and they'll hang him within the week!"

[To Be Continued.]

South American Ingenuity.

A New York man tells of a visit he once made at Sabanilla, a small although important place on the Caribbean coast of the republic of Colombia. At that time, he writes, my knowledge of South America was limited, and I viewed the sights with a keener interest than I do to-day. While I was waiting for the train in which I was to travel to Barranquilla, two peons went by with a wheel-barrow, minus the wheel. It was a contrivance with handles at both ends. Two men were required to carry it. Turning to a steamer acquaintance, I asked him if there were no real wheelbarrows in the place, and he answered: "Oh, no; we use these ingenious devices so that two men may do the work of one."—N. Y. Times.

Seized for Debt.

The question of the rightful ownership of fowls seems to be a trifle hazy in the mind of the southern darky. He harbors few scruples against borrowing from a neighbor's henroost. The old domestic in the following anecdote, however, considered the prize his by all the rights of the law. A gentleman in New Orleans was surprised one day at finding a plump turkey served for dinner, as he had given no order for the purchase of one. "Where did you get this turkey, Sam?" he asked his old colored servant, who was grinning with pleasure at the fine appearance of the bird. "Why, sar, I'll 'splains just how. Dat turkey, he been roostin' on our fence tree whole nights, so dis mornin' I seize him for de rent ob de rail."—Youth's Companion.

Those Sickly Octogenarians.

They were neither of them brilliant scholars, but they liked to move with the times as regards their knowledge of current events, so the daily newspaper was regularly delivered at their humble domicile, and it was Jennie's duty to read out during breakfast time the most interesting items of the day. One morning, after wading through the latest intelligence from the front, she turned to another page of the paper and said:

"Herbie, it says here that another octogenarian's dead."

"What's an octogenarian?"

"Well, I don't quite know what they are, but they must be very sickly creatures. You never hear of them but they're dying."—Scottish American.